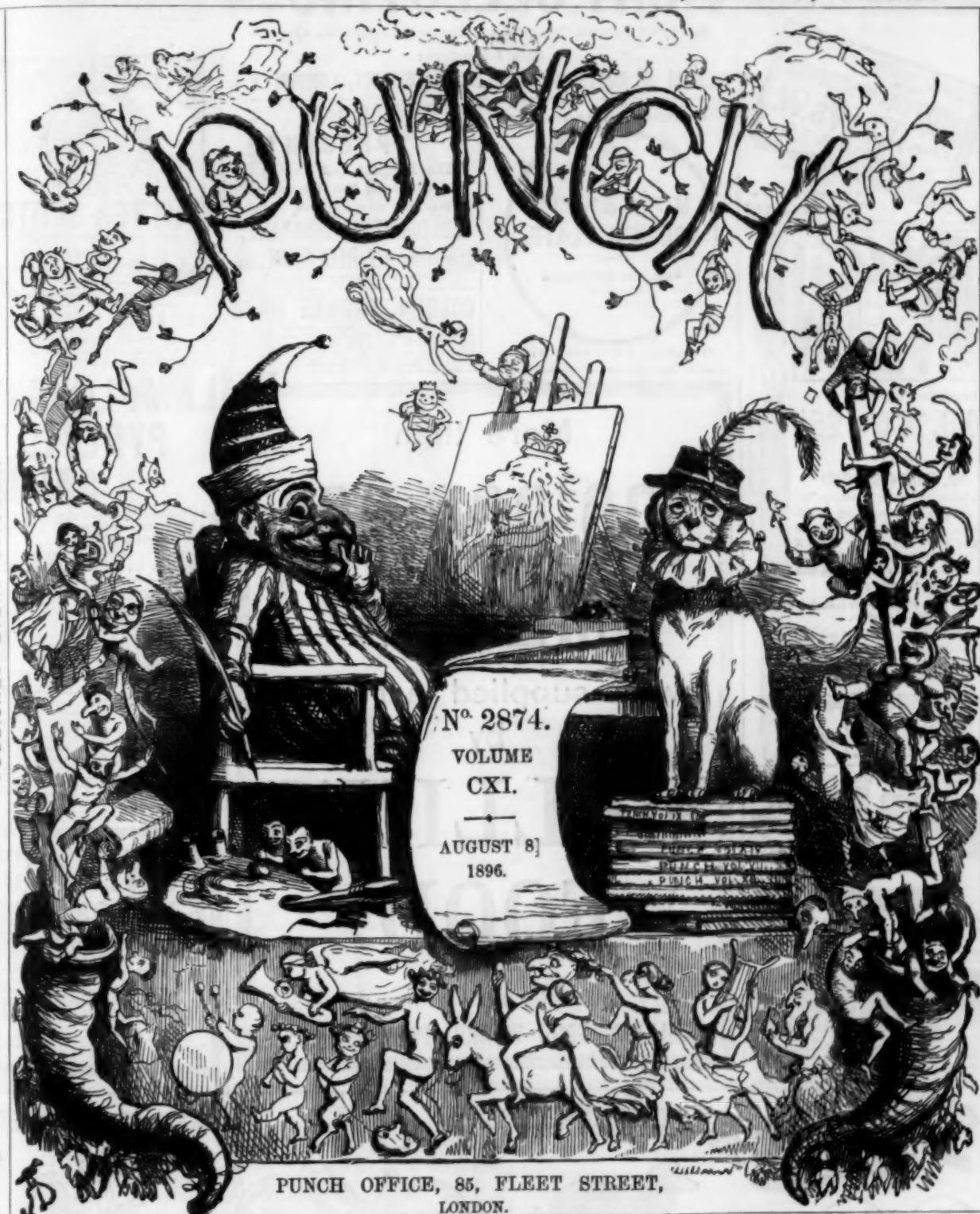


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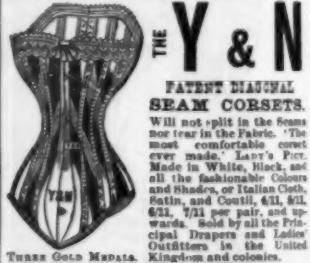
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A BITER BIT.

"BY THE WAY, SNOOKSON—I'VE GOT A BET WITH MY FRIEND BROWN HERE ABOUT THAT SATIRICAL POEM OF YOURS IN THIS WEEK'S *GADFLY*; I SAID I COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME SEE ANY POINT IN IT, AND HE DECLARES THERE IS NO POINT. NOW, WHICH OF US TWO IS RIGHT?"

MEMS. FOR COWES REGATTA WEEK.

1. OBJECT to paying more than five pounds a night for a frowsy attic with no carpet.
2. Never dispute fares with cabdrivers or boatmen. The best plan is to offer your purse to the Jehu or waterman, and ask him to help himself. This saves wrangling.
3. In event of calling on a friend at the R.Y.S., be sure and speak to the signalman at the gate with your hat or cap in your hand, and be servile in your manner, otherwise this Lord High Functionary may order your instant execution by means of the Commodore's pop-guns.
4. On the other hand, if you drop in at the London Yacht Club, do not forget that the building was erected for the benefit of the local aristocracy for fifty-one weeks in the year, and during seven days for the convenience of honorary members.
5. If you wish to make yourself popular with the ladies, take a wet retriever or poodle out to the Parade about 5 P.M.
6. Always suppose that every man you meet in a peaked cap and blue serge owns a yacht. If you have one of your own allude to it deprecatingly as "my little tub."
7. If fond of practical joking, suggest to any American acquaintances that the gates of Osborne are always open. But after their visit keep out of their way.
8. As the German Emperor is not coming to Cowes this year, state openly that His Majesty is an intimate friend, and imply that you are watching his interests. Sternly refuse to take any parties to inspect *Meteor*. State with truth that you have no authority to do so.
9. Make a point of inquiring daily at the Post Office if there be any letters for you addressed to the *Spoo* (or whatever

name you select for your cutter, schooner, or yawl). The postal authorities have little to do in Regatta week, and will like visits from yourself and similar querists.

10. The same idea can be worked out at the Marine, the Fountain, the Gloster, or any other hostelry.

11. On the day of your arrival tip all the itinerant minstrels. Thereafter you and your neighbours will never want for music minute by minute.

12. If a numismatist, buy a handful of the tokens in use on the Floating Bridge and send them to the British Museum.

13. If fond of meditation or mushrooms, travel by the Isle of Wight railways. You will have ample time to indulge in the former, and to pick the latter.

14. On Firework Night, charter a boat, and play at being Lord CHARLES BERESFORD at the bombardment of Alexandria. Your experience will be quite as exciting as that of the gallant commander of the *Condor*.

15. Feed yourself how you can and when you can. You will only get a chance now and then.

16. Always remember, that to a native of the island you are a miserable "overner" despatched from the mainland for his sole profit. He will therefore treat you as the spider does the fly. Why blame him? In one short week he manages to squeeze enough sustenance to enable him to bask in the sunshine of Fortune for three hundred and fifty-eight days.

THE MODERN BLACK FLAG.

(Fragment from a *Romance* that, in spite of recent comments, it is hoped will never become a reality.)

"THE engines are disabled, Sir," said the lieutenant, saluting his captain, "and we are within reach of the curse of the seas."

The commander uttered an exclamation of horror. He would have given way to dismay had he not been a brave man.

"Well, Mr. MAYNE BRACE, we must trust to every stitch of canvas and run before the wind."

"Aye, aye, Sir;" and the boatswain piped all hands to obey the necessary orders.

Then for the space of half an hour every glass was directed towards the shore. Would the good ship, *Court Capel*, escape the clutches of the much-dreaded craft to which the second officer had recently referred? Would she outsail the boat that had been called "the curse of the seas"? During thirty minutes nothing of moment happened, and then a small vessel put off from the shore.

"Crowd on more sail," cried the captain, "we have a good start and we may yet weather them."

The sailors obeyed the new direction with alacrity. The masts bent under the weight of the strained canvas. Never had such an effort been made before.

"From what are we attempting to escape?" asked a passenger, who, in the palmy days of the nautical drama, would have been rudely called "a lubberly landsman."

"We have no time for idle conversation, Sir," replied the master; "but as you are curious I will tell you." And then he gave the desired information.

"But surely you are mistaken!" exclaimed the passenger. "The men who form the crew of that boat are the pride of the English-speaking race. They risk their lives battling with the stormy seas. They are heroes, every one of them!"

"If you had read some recent articles carefully you would have learned, Sir, that such a view is erroneous. Salvage is the principal aim of the glorious crew. They may be brave, but they are also businesslike. We must not let them board us or their claim for compensation will be enormous."

The *Court Capel* sprang on like a greyhound. The ship advanced by leaps and bounds. The crew were grave and anxious. They knew their captain was a determined man, and would rather sink his ship than surrender.

"If worst comes to the worst," he murmured, "run the vessel on to a sunken rock and we sink together. It will be cheaper in the long run."

But fortunately there was no necessity for so extreme a course. The boat became smaller and smaller, and was at length scarcely visible.

"What was she?" asked another of the passengers. "From what have we escaped?"

Then came the reply, uttered in a tone of satisfaction: "We have escaped the lifeboat!" And with this the captain closed his glass and feared no longer.

VACATION CRICKET.—A Member of Parliament on the stump.



THE WANDERINGS OF LI HUNG CHANG;

OR, THE LATEST LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

(See p. 63.)



A STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

Dealer in Welsh Cobs (to bucolic buyer). "Now, GUV'NOR, WILL YOU BUY THAT ONE? A HEXACT MODEL OF THE PRINCE'S 'OSS PERSIMMON!"

THE WANDERINGS OF LI HUNG CHANG; OR, THE LATEST LEGEND OF THE WILLOW- PATTERN PLATE.

At a cursory glance you may say to yourselves, "That's the old willow pattern so long on our shelves!" But there you're mistaken, for modernisation has touched e'en that plate; but as some explanation seems needful to make it quite clear, I'll begin it. If you will oblige me by waiting a minute. If dished by this plate, I'll explain, as a chorus, One or two knotty points in the picture before us.

SONG.

AIR—“The House that Jack built.”
(During the Song the Enchanter points to the different portions of the Plate referred to, beginning in the middle.)

These are the travels of LI HUNG CHANG! There are the Krupp shots all hung on the trees, That wibbledee, wobbledee, go in the breeze; And there is the Teuton, who's quite in a pet That orders for hundred-ton guns he can't get, Or pocket the profits he hoped to have made Out of the increase of commerce and trade, From the travels of Mandarin LI HUNG CHANG.

And there are the “turtledoves,” German and Frank

(Who're rather like eagles a-hungered and lank), Who clapperclaw wildly in misty mid-air, And neither one wholly content with his share, Soaring above those remarkable trees That wibbledee, &c.

And thereto is the junk in which LI HUNG CHANG Is paddling away, bidding orders go hang Past the Bridge of War, where three conquering Japs Are lugging the booty — ingenious chaps! — To their Far Eastern home, with delight immense, Past the awfully zig-zag diplomat fence, Under the Treaty Tree, queerest of trees, That wibbledee, &c.

And there is the Britishers' tight little isle, Where the lion reclines, with a genial smile, Under the shade of the wonderful dome Which overshadows his island home; Quietly waiting, in his own way, For the wily wanderer from far Cathay, With leonine nonchalance taking his ease Under the shade of the wonderful trees, That wibbledee, &c.

So having geographised most of the plate, For the rest I must ask you at present to wait (Like that western watcher, cute Uncle SAM); But would merely remark that no western flam Will take in the Mandarin LI HUNG CHANG, Who is wandering warily over the seas,

Looking round on the garden and round on the trees, That wibbledee, wobbledee, go in the breeze; But whose verdancy does not characterise That wily tourist with almond eyes, Our Celestial visitant, LI HUNG CHANG.

THE MAID AND THE MINISTER.

A New—Agricultural—Nursery Rhyme.
The Maid : : : : AGRICULTURE.
The Minister : : : : MR. CH-PL-N.
“WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?”
“I’m going to ruin! fair Sir!” she said.
“May I, well, sympathise, my pretty maid?”
“In a practical fashion, kind Sir,” she said.
“What is your business, my pretty maid?”
“My business is farming, kind Sir,” she said.
“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”
“My fortune’s misfortune, kind Sir,” she said.
“And what can I do for you, my pretty maid?”
“Oh! give me Protection, kind Sir,” she said.
“Humph! that is impossible, my pretty maid.”
“Then thank you for nothing, kind Sir,” she said.
“Will nothing else help you, then, my pretty maid?”
“Pay my rates out of taxes, kind Sir,” she said.

THE HOME OF PALM-ISTRY.—Kew Gardens.



Tommy (who has just begun learning French, on his first visit to Boulogne). "I SAY, DADDY, DID YOU CALL THAT MAN 'GARCON'?" Daddy (with pride). "YES, MY BOY." Tommy (after reflection). "I SAY, DADDY, WHAT A BIG GARCON HE'LL BE WHEN HE'S OUT OF JACKETS AND TURN-DOWNS, AND GETS INTO TAILS AND STICK-UPS!"

CHINESE PROVERBS.

(Adapted from the English by an Illustrious Traveller.)

PERSONS who are brought to England in the midst of a Bank Holiday ought not to be expected to be too cheerful on the following morning.

A lodging at Carlton House Terrace is better than a mansion in Park Lane.

It is a weary tour that has no returning.

You cannot make a Shahzada out of an ex-Viceroy, especially in the off season.

Any sight will do to strike an Oriental with astonishment.

It is too late to open the Palace doors when every one has hurried away to the seaside.

Half an official welcome is better than an ill-bred mobbing.

A live recluse in Pall Mall is more valuable than a hunted-to-death lion in Society.

Look after the heads of the Government, and the contractors and the manufacturers will take care of themselves.

Lastly, you may bring a Chinese Bis-

MARCK thousands of miles to see London, but no power on earth will induce him to visit (if he does not desire it) the South Kensington Museum.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Our blissful honeymoon
Was over all too soon,
And then we settled down at home for
good.
I sought, but sought in vain,
For courage to complain;
It's such bad form to talk about one's
food.

At last I said, "My dear,
You will be vexed, I fear,"
(I wanted to be kind, but very firm),
"I can't exist on sops:
I'm getting tired of chops:
We'll part, dear, with MARIA, at the
term."

So down the tubes next morning
We gave MARIA warning,
And rammed the stopper in and did not
wait;
And then we advertised,
As all our friends advised,
And told cooks to apply here after eight.

My poor wife interviews,
And I, to help her choose,
Remain behind a paper or a book;
But 'tis with pensive pain
I notice "good and plain"
Are qualities most valued in a cook.

They differ as to ages,
They differ as to wages,
But all object to washing,—which is
strange;
They differ as to dress,
But one and all confess
They've left their places only "for a
change."

They stickle for their right
To go out every night,
They're careful to observe Command-
ment Four;
But yet it seems they shirk
All kinds of menial work,
Like polishing the brasses of the door.

And some are withered crones
Reduced to rags and bones,
With toothless jaw, and bonnets all awry;
And some are fat and florid,
And some are grim and horrid;
But most are young and sensitive and shy.

And some are Plymouth Bro-
thers,
And some are widowed mothers,
And very many say they're "Friendly
Girls";
A few belong to missions,
A few are politicians,
With spectacles and bristling corkscrew
curls.

At last my wife confessed
She felt herself depressed
By having heard five characters that
day:—
And did I not feel sorry
I'd brought her all this worry?
And—did I mind?—MARIA said she'd
stay!

She's impudent and lazy,
She burns the poulet braisé,
Her stews are tough, her jellies never
clear;
Her puddings have no taste,
Her sauces are mere paste—
But we've raised her wages two pounds
ten a year!

"HOW TO CELEBRATE THE LONGEST AND MOST GLORIOUS REIGN IN ENGLISH HISTORY."

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR.—How could we better celebrate the 23rd Sept., '96, than by giving a national holiday, and half-a-crown apiece—the half-crown being emblematical of loyalty to the Crown—to all *employés*? Let the masters pay their workpeople all the same, so that no man, woman, or child suffer thereby (except the said masters, and they don't count). Nothing could be more fitting—from our point of view. Yours obediently, AN EMPLOYEE.

SIR.—On this glorious day, let all *employés* take a holiday—at their own expense. Yours obediently,

EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.

↑ H.M.'s Industrial Establishment, Princetown, Dartmoor. SIR.—As one who has long—too long—worn Her Majesty's uniform, I suggest that no more suitable way of celebrating this occasion could be found than by ordering the instant release of all gentlemen compulsorily connected with this establishment. Excuse the crest on this letter paper. Yours obediently,

WILLIAM SIKES.

SIR.—Could we not commemorate this great day by establishing a close time for nigger shooting? Yours, A TROOPER.

SIR.—It would be a graceful act if all keepers of licensed houses were to open their bars, that day, to all the thirsty subjects of the Queen *gratis*. I approached one publican on the subject, but left (hurriedly, and through the bottle and jug department door) without waiting for any definite reply on his part. Perhaps you might meet with more success. Yours obediently,

A. BOOKER.

SIR.—I would suggest that all bookmakers should wipe off all arrears to Sept. 23rd, when it comes (this would include the St. Leger), as a fitting memorial of the day. Yours obediently,

PLUNGER.

SIR.—I would like to suggest that all backers of horses should pay up all arrears of what they owe on Sept. 23rd. This would cause genuine rejoicing amongst a large and deserving class of the community. Yours obediently,

BOOKMAKER.

"WOULD-BE CYCLIST" suggests that half a million wheelmen should ride abreast up the Queen's front drive at Balmoral, ringing their bells as a token of loyalty. He would be happy to join in such a demonstration if Her Majesty will kindly supply him with a machine.

"A BALLOONIST" thinks that all the Board School children throughout the country should be taught to parachute between this and September 23rd, on which date a monster ascent of the whole population of London might be organised.

Several young ladies, born in 1887, and saddled with the name of JUBILEE, would like to change it for VICTORIA ALEXANDRINA, as it is so aggravating to have one's age proclaimed to all the world, and they are not going to stand it any longer, so there!

"SOCIALIST" would be satisfied with a free fight of twenty-four hours' duration, in Hyde Park, between the various sections of "Comrades" and "Fellow-workers," who recently gave expression in the Queen's Hall in similar fashion to their unanimity and solidarity. If any blighted brother-Anarchist likes to come on—(*rest suppressed*).

"PERFERRIN SCOR" opines that the Queen's title should be altered to that of Empress of Great and Little Cumbrae, and of their adjacent dependencies, and that a sum not exceeding six pence be spent in apprising Her Majesty of the fact.

"TOMMY" is quite sure that three weeks' extra holidays would be the best means of enabling him to realise that he has got to remember a new fact in English history, and by then the fruit season will be over.

And Mr. PUNCH considers that everybody might learn "God Save the Queen," the words of which not one person in ten can repeat correctly. The rhymes of the National Anthem might also be repaired.

At Cowes.

First Boatman. Well, the German Hemp'r ain't a-coming after all!

Second Boatman. No; yer see, if he did a come arter this Dr. JIM business, 'twould be like hadding hinsult to hinjury.



THE H GRATUITOUS.

Lady. "CAN I BOOK THROUGH FROM HERE TO OBAN?" Well-educated Clerk (correcting her). "HOLBORN, YOU MEAN. NO; BUT YOU CAN BOOK TO BROAD STREET, AND THEN TAKE A 'BUS!'"

THE PLAY IN PANTON STREET.

DALY's comedians, unlike the poor, are not "always with us." Perhaps one of these days they may "come to stay." At present their visits are flying ones. Mr. DALY's *Love on Crutches* has certainly "caught on," and had it a few weeks' chance, and favourable weather, it might have been in for a fairly long run. It is a pleasant adaptation from a German piece which has something in common with *The Adventures of a Love Letter*, taken from SARDOU'S *Pattes de Mouche*. As in so many modern German pieces, there is an interviewing journalist. Miss ADA REHAN is very amusing as *Annis Austin*; her sudden transitions from grave to gay are most humorously natural. Miss SYBIL CARLISLE is a most elegant and charming widow. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, as her lover, seems to laugh at himself occasionally for being so dreadfully in earnest; otherwise he is excellent. Good, too, Mr. CHARLES RICHMAN, as the rather ill-used husband. How Mr. and Mrs. Austin ever came together, and how they then quarrelled, or were estranged, is not satisfactorily explained. But there it is; and, this being the foundation of the play, you must take it for granted, as in all problems some hypothesis must be granted, otherwise we should never start. Mr. JAMES LEWIS capital: his laugh is so cheery, and he enjoys it all so much. Quaint Mrs. GILBERT, disguised as a young person, would give more *resemblance* to sharp Mr. BITTEREDGE GRENHAM's mistake (he plays this part very well) were she to wear long, fashionable gloves, *gants de Suède*, with her evening costume. Hands tell tales as well as fortunes, and when he is meditating whether the disguised fair one is seventeen or fifty, the ungloved hand which he holds and caresses ought to decide him in a second. The company leaves us at the end of this week; therefore, to those remaining in town, and uncertain of what to do with their "evening out," I advise go and see *Love on Crutches*. But why on crutches?

Regardless of the Temperature.

Facetious Australian (off Calshot Castle, to indisposed friend). What arm of the sea reminds one of a borrowed boot? The "I. F." (feebly). Give it—anything—up." F. A. Why, the Sole-lent, to be sure. [The "I. F." is promptly carried below.]



TANTÆNE ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ!

"WHAT A SHOCKING BAD APPOINTMENT TO THE DEANERY OF BARCHESTER!"
"OH—I DON'T KNOW. THE USUAL QUALIFICATIONS: OWN BROTHER TO A PEER, AND A FAILURE WHEREVER HE HAD BEEN BEFORE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Torribi, by J. CAMERON GRANT, is one of those books which had better not have been written, or, if written, better unpublished, an opinion evidently not shared by the Westminster CONSTABLE, who has taken it up and brought it out in one volume. Some of the idyllic scenes in the story are charming; but, personally, the Baron would be inclined to say that "*virginibus puerisque*," *c'est défendu*. Now when an opinion of a book has to be expressed in two foreign languages, so as to be unintelligibly intelligible, it may be gathered that "*caute legendum*"

would have to be written on the cover, or, say, on the page where there appears a motto to the work which may be supposed to give the key-note to the reader. Indeed, this story might well have been included, and have found its right place, in "The Key-note Series." It does not end unsatisfactorily, seeing that the victim is revenged. As for the hero, if hero he can be called, well, the weak-kneed *David Copperfield*, placed in a position similar to that of *Senhor José* (there is a meaning intended by calling him "*José*"), would have shown himself a more manly specimen of the *genus homo*. The author has spoilt his improbable ro-

mance by writing with a bias and with a design, both of which he has been at great pains to make so unmistakably evident that, in doing so, he has defeated his own purpose, for which more than one reader who has taken up the book at haphazard will be grateful to him. At least so thinks, and says, as he thinks,

THE BARON.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Mariner at Cowes after a long day's cruising sings to his Lady-love.

ATHWART his golden Western bed
The sun has drawn his curtain red,
The breeze has gone, the day is dead,

Peace on the deep, darling, peace on the deep!

Our yawl swings idly with the tide,
That plashes gently 'gainst the side,
On no "white horses" now we ride—

Sing me to sleep, darling, sing me to sleep!

Like myriad gems the fair lights glow
On deck, around, aloft, below—
The jewelled boats glide to and fro—

A fairydom peep, love, a fairydom peep!

Enchanted seems this lovely isle,
That hour by hour renewa its while.
Day has his laughter, Night her smile—

Sing me to sleep, darling, sing me to sleep!

Your voice with ever constant spell
In rich romantic theme can swell—
Or softer lays of love can tell

With accents that weep, love, with accents that weep!

No fickle Siren sang like you,
Your harmony is music true
That no Ulysses ever knew—

Sing me to sleep, darling, sing me to sleep!

That simple ballad—what a balm
It brings! a holy, happy calm,
The echo of some long-lost psalm!

Soothingly sweet, love, soothingly sweet!
But listening on this waveless sea
I feel a longing wake in me.

My languor's lost—I'm fancy free!
I must have—strange such things should be—

Something to drink, darling, something to eat!

"QUEEN'S DAY, 1896."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have seen so many plans promulgated for celebrating the long reign of our gracious Sovereign that I am quite bewildered as to whether the Queen intends to take off the income-tax or entertain all the world and his wife to high tea in Hyde Park. For my own part, I cannot but think that the most practical form of rejoicing would be for our beloved monarch to leave Balmoral and take up her residence at Kensington Palace, where both she and the Duchess of York were born. It is a roomy old house, and the Round Pond is famous for its regattas. I am sure that my idea is as good as any published, and quite as mixed.

Your obedient servant,
METHUSALEM MUDDLECHUMP.

A Suggestion to the Poet-Laureate.

OH! ALFRED chief of poets! why
Indulge your fancy mid the blues?
To green Ardennes then why not hie?
For there you'll find a cheerful Meuse!



EAST LONDON WATER SUPPLY!

COMPANY'S TURNCOCK. "NOW, LOOK 'ERE, DON'T YOU GO A WASTIN' ALL THIS 'ERE VALUABLE WATER IN WASHIN' AND WATERIN' YOUR GARDENS, OR ANY NONSENSE O' THAT SORT, OR YOU 'LL GET YOURSELVES INTO TROUBLE!"



"THALATTA! THALATTA!"

General Chorus (as the Children's Excursion nears its destination). "OH, I SAY! THERE'S THE SEA! 'OORAY!!'
Small Boy. "I'LL BE IN FUST!"

PRECIOUS PAVEMENT.

[*"The paving of the footway in front of Mr. VANDERBILT's house is said to have cost £10,000, the largest stone being worth over £2,000."* *St. James's Gazette.*]

Yes, Sir, there's a sidewalk to lick all creation;
 Yes, Sir, an Amuracan did it, you bet!
 Just greenbacks and dollars have done the tarnation
 Consarn, there are mighty few things they cayn't get.
 No doubt, Uncle SAM, but one's senses are whirling
 With money so plentiful that, in the street,
 It thus can be scattered; ten thousand pounds sterling
 Should furnish stone paving quite nice for the feet.

So do not buy pictures, but paving—how stunning!
 Not sculpture, but stones—how surpassingly sweet!
 VELASQUEZ and REMBRANDT are not in the running,
 And feeble old PHIDIAS takes a back seat.

By Jove, what a notion for others to follow!
 In London some fortunate folks fortunes gain,
 And they, by their pounds beating dollars quite hollow,
 May offer to gild all the length of Park Lane.

Nay more, there's poor Italy burdened—that's clear, eh?—
 With ruinous schemes upon which she embarks;
 Perhaps, if some Croesus would give enough *livre*,
 She'd sell him the paving she has in St. Mark's.

It's sadly uneven, but careful relaying
 Would make it quite flat, and it's old-fashioned art,
 But very expensive; so someone, by paying,
 Might make a new stable-yard awfully smart.

A VALLEY-ABLE HYDE-A.—Mr. S. H. HYDE, the Secretary of the Kempton Park Club, is trying to get the Thames Valley Line connected with the main South-Western System. Curiously enough, only water is in the way. But still, *Mr. Punch* hopes that Mr. Hyde will come off SCOTTER-free in this responsible right of way.

ADVICE TO YOUNG CROQUET-PLAYERS.

1. Always take your own mallet to a garden party. This will impress everyone with the idea that you are a fine player. Or an alternative plan is to play with one provided by your host, and then throughout the game to attribute every bad stroke to the fact that you have not your own implement with you.

2. Use as many technical terms as you can, eking them out with a few borrowed from golf. Thus it will always impress your partner if you say that you are "stimied," especially as she won't know what it means. But a carefully-nurtured reputation may be destroyed at once if you confuse "croquet" with "croquet," so be very careful that you get these words right.

3. Aim for at least three minutes before striking the ball, and appear overcome with amazement when you miss. If you have done so many times in succession, it may be well to remark on the unevenness of the ground. If you hit a ball by mistake always pretend that you aimed at it.

4. It is a great point to give your partner advice in a loud and authoritative tone—it doesn't matter in the least whether it is feasible or not. Something like the following, said very quickly, always sounds well:—"Hit one red, take two off him and make your hoop; send two red towards me and get into position." In a game of croquet there is always one on each side who gives advice, and one who receives (and disregards it). All the lookers-on naturally regard the former as the finer player, therefore begin giving advice on your partner's first stroke. If she happens to be a good player this may annoy her, but that is no consequence.

5. Remember that "a mallet's length from the boundary" varies considerably. If you play next, it means three yards, if your opponent does so, it means three inches. So, too, with the other "rules," which no one really knows. When in an awkward position, the best course is to invent a new rule on the spur of the moment, and to allege (which will be perfectly true) that "it has just been introduced."

6. Much may be done by giving your ball a gentle kick when the backs of the other players happen to be turned. Many an apparently hopeless game has been saved by this method. Leave your conscience behind when you come to a croquet-party.



LOST; OR, LUCID INFORMATION.

Kind-hearted Old Gent. "THERE, THERE, DON'T CRY! WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND WHERE DO YOU LIVE!" *Chorus.* "BOOHO! WE'RE DOOLIE'S TWINS!"

OTIUM CUM (ALSO SINE) DIG.

Elderly Relative. So you have finished your first term as a public school boy, TOMMY. And how do you like it?

Tommy. Oh! of course it's awfully swell, and all that, but—

E. R. (surprised). But what? Don't they give you enough cricket, eh?

Tommy. Enough cricket! I should think they did. I'm perfectly sick of the game. You know all games are compulsory, now?

E. R. H'm! Well, why not? An excellent thing, no doubt.

Tommy. Ah! but you wouldn't say so if you were there yourself. You can't birds'-nest, or go rowing, or cycling, or anything else. It's cricket—always cricket. Next term it'll be football. I like football now, but they'll make me hate it!

E. R. (remembering jolly country birds'-nesting rambles when he was a boy). It does seem a little hard. Hockey, now; they allow hockey, don't they?

Tommy. Not they! It's much too stunning a game to be allowed.

E. R. (trying to recall memories of his youth). I used to like marbles, I remember; and chestnuts.

Tommy. Marbles and chestnuts are bad form; only the junior school play at them.

E. R. (rather humbled, but trying to be cheerful). Well, anyhow, now you are at the seaside, you can go in for digging in the sands.

Tommy (shocked). Digging in the sand! I don't know what the fellows would think if they saw me with a spade. That's bad form, too. Oh! thanks, awfully (pockets it). And—er—you won't be offended, will you?—but would you mind

calling me "Tom" in future—not "Tommy"? Sounds better, you know. Awfully obliged! Ta-ta!

[Walks off to moon about the pier and look at other people enjoying themselves, leaving Elderly Relative wondering whether boys hadn't more pleasure when they had less dignity.

A BALLADE OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

How often it has chanced to me
To be reduced to silence dead
By some well-managed repartee,
Whose author up to it has led.

Alas! the neat retort unsaid—
I think of what I ought to say

Some hours afterwards in bed—
The chances I have thrown away!

Some more examples, two or three—
The rocketeer unscathed o'erhead,
The golf ball foisted at the tee,
At billiards the unspotted red;

The girl, with whom one thought to
"thread

The may dance," but made delay,
Snapped up by some one else instead—
The chances I have thrown away!

The sights it had been mine to see!
The paths it had been mine to tread!
The man it had been mine to be!

The books, alone, I might have read!
Alas! the hours of sunshine fled,
And all my crop of unmade hay!

Alas! a lass I might have wed!—
The chances I have thrown away!

Envoi.

A useless sermon! They have sped,

The chances grave, the chances gay—

Few men but say, as I have said,

"The chances I have thrown away!"

JEAMES TO THE RESCUE.

[Lord WOLSELEY (giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the Military and Civil Expenditure of India) being asked "if India should pay every farthing of military expense," answered promptly, "Yes; and the Navy, too!"]

JEAMES loquitur.

PERCISELY so! I likes his style! The Harmy and the Navy! That just suits me and my hold chum, JOHN TOMMUS hof Belgrav. We reads our *Mornin' Postes* round at the Runnin' 'Orses, And feels ourselves a sort o' part of Eng- land's loyal forces.

The hainfuinks hof huniform is like a fellow feelink, It makes hus wondrous kind all round. Lord WOLSELEY's plump, plain dealink, Without no dabby, flabby, Labby-like hemotion, pleases me; And his flat-footed style of talk consider- ably heases me.

We've too much sloppy sentimenk a-spilin' round permakers. You'd think we wos all nussery-maids, not men with wills and whiskers. This cosmopolitan mollyslop do put me in a passion;

I slaps my hand upon my breast—that miltiary fashion

MATILDA-JANE so much hadmires—and feels like a Field-Marshel; And ditto to Lord WOLSELEY is my motter! I ain't parshal To furriners of any sort; I own it; and for niggers

I've your true Britisher's contemp. Black faces and slim figgers,

Dark 'air and coffee-coloured heyes, may suit your Hexeter Hallers, But not Lord SALSbury and Me! I'd like to squelch the squallers

Who cackle about Ingia's rights. She's honly what we give her;

As though a place where snakes abound and a chap can't keep no liver Wos wuth a-worritting about! No doubt they're sly and dodgy,

Like that chap with a rum name, wich is as near Nowrody

As ain't no matter; but, Great Scott! the Baboos and their backers,

Like Mister CAINE, ain't goin' to best hus Britons! Firework crackers About pore Ingia, and her "rights," or Boers and theirn, is sickenin'!

I think the fight 'twixt Britons and the furriners is thickenin'.

Oh! drat the Dutch! Confound the French! Flumbusticate the Germans!

And bust the Yanks!!! But for them cranks as spin hus soapy sermons About Baboos and other blacks, or browns, or drabs, or yallers,

I ain't a mite o' patience with the un- patriot fallallers;

No more's my friend JOHN TOMMUS, as aforesaid hof Belgrav,

Nor yet Lord WOLSELEY, hevident! Your black's a decent slavey,

But for a gent, or a gent's gent—wot snarlers call a funkey—

A nigger isn't no more fit than any coon or monkey.

Pore Ingia! Bosh! Sich muck won't wash. Rupees and precious stoness Is wot they roll in, I believe, spite o' their whines and groaness,

CAINE's cant and old Nowrody's rot. Let 'em pay hup and look presink!

Them's WOLSELEY's sediments, and mine! And so no more at presink!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 27.
—Quite pathetic to see SQUIRE OF MALWOOD drawn to-night into vortex of debate on Uganda. Not much of a maelstrom to begin with. Government proposed to take second reading of Bill authorising funds for Uganda Railway. The PROPHET OF OLD PALACE YARD (late the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE), leaving for awhile pleased contemplation of Westminster Abbey as viewed from his newly-opened conservatory windows, wants to know more about the railway and its prospects.

If GEORGE CURZON could, on his honour as Under-Secretary of State, say there was any prospect of a native COOK or an aboriginal GAZZ establishing a touring company; if, moreover, he could assure the House there was on the part of the middle classes in Uganda any disposition to be personally conducted by rail to various watering-places on the coast, and to places of social and historic interest inland, opposition might be withdrawn.

GEORGE CURZON, anxious above all things to oblige, was not able to give this assurance. That was bad. Worse still was his assertion that the occupation of Uganda was a legacy from the late Government, and his declaration that if, regardless of possibilities of a Uganda COOK, we did not build the railway, Germany would. That more than the SQUIRE could stand. Was able to bear with equanimity the charge about responsibility for Uganda. There was the almanack to show that Lord SALISBURY's second administration preceded in point of date Mr. GLADSTONE's fourth, and it was under the friendly patronage of the MARKISS, in face of strong protest by the then Opposition, that the East Africa Company, moved by those purely philanthropic impulses avowed to-night by



"Beef—"
(Mr. Fl-v-n.)

ex-Director BURDETT-COUTTE, settled in Uganda. What the SQUIRE could not stand



Toby, M.P. (to our Distinguished Visitor from China). "Sir, as one of the Celestials, your Excellency's visits must be few and far between. I regret your Excellency has arrived when the Season is over, and Parliament just finishing. Though, between ourselves, Excellency, as to the latter, you haven't missed much, their performance having been very indifferent. Chin-chin!"

was the off-hand reference to Germany. Took the Under-Secretary in his teeth, as a mastiff might take a terrier, shook him carefully, so as not to hurt him, and replaced him on Treasury Bench.

"Nice boy, GEORGE," he said, when the lesson was finished. "Clever and, what is more valuable in a Minister, painstaking. Knows what he's talking about, and talks well. But a little friendly pawing over does him good. Besides, what did he mean by saddling us with Uganda?"

Business done. Quite a heap. Looks like getting away on 15th after all.

Tuesday.—Mr. MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN's maiden speech not a success exactly upon lines anticipated in domestic circle. Nevertheless it proved most delightful thing enjoyed this Session by bored House. Report Stage Irish Land Bill under discussion. One amendment talked about for full two hours. Dinner time coming on. Debate apparently played out. Hungry Members getting ready to rush through division lobbies, became conscious of tall figure upstanding below Gangway; left hand gracefully reposed in

trowser pocket, leaving on view abundant display of Sunday shirt-cuff; in other hand sheaf of notes promising speech of hour's duration.

A moment's pained pause; then Mr. FLAVIN's equanimity startled by outburst of angry roar for division. When it subsided, a voice shod in fine rich brogue began to say, "Well, I'm not goin' to keep you more than ten minutes."

Ten minutes! Proposal enough to take away remaining breath. Ordinary Member confronted by similar circumstances says he won't take more than a minute. At most two. MICHAEL JOSEPH, critically eyeing bulk of notes, thinks he may get through in ten. This charmed House. When roar of laughter subsided, MICHAEL commenced. His leading idea was to show that prices of agricultural products are lower than they were sixteen years ago. To that end had spent days and nights sprawling over market tables. His notes crowded with parallel columns of figures. House cheered enthusiastically when he showed how barley was so much in 1880 and so much less in 1896.

The Member for North Kerry blushed with conscious pride. House of Commons, after all, a body of fair men. His labour had not been in vain.

"Now oats," he said.

Tremendous cheering. Flurried by this generous applause, MICHAEL J. got his oats a little mixed. Process of re-assortment not assisted by shouts of laughter from Members opposite.

"Beef," Mr. FLAVIN roared, as if that were the next course, and there would be a cut all round if Members would only have patience.

At this stage SPEAKER interposed; pointed out that method of inquiry pursued by MICHAEL was a little minute for the stage of the Bill now reached. That was awkward. M. J., ignorant of Parliamentary prejudices, had filled his note with market prices. If they were tabooed, there was nothing left for him. Looked at his notes with rueful face, at sight of which House went off into another fit of laughter that threatened to create vacancies in boroughs and counties represented by gentlemen of apoplectic habit.

"Very well, Mr. SPEAKER," said M. JOSEPH, with voice choked by emotion; "I will give only a few more particulars. There's butter. Now, butter is an indirect product of the land. What was it price sixteen years ago?"

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted Members. Far above the tumult Mr. FLAVIN's voice its mellifluous tones suggestive of a mouth filled with melted butter, pealed forth prices per pound in 1880 as compared with these overstocked days. Merry uproar so great it was difficult to follow line of argument. MICHAEL getting a little angry. Next thing heard as he waved his notes defiantly in face of Colonel SAUNDERSON was the battle-cry "Eggs-fippe a dozen."

"Will anyone contradict me?" he shouted.

Certainly not. On the contrary, cry of "Agreed! agreed!" burst forth from all sides. That was worse than anything. There would be some comfort in contradiction. If they insisted upon agreeing with him, what was the use of setting forth these carefully collated, and, as far as the landlords of Ireland are concerned, damning figures? Still there they were and Mr. FLAVIN's affection for them, his earnest anxiety that the benevolent effects of their companionship should be shared by the House, was pathetic.

"I am not giving these figures to satisfy my own curiosity," was one of the few complete sentences heard amid the storm of laughter.

Mr. FLAVIN growing really angry. Had only just commenced his notes. From time to time he turned them over, evidently with desire to meet incomprehensible but unmistakable disinclination of House to have matter enlarged upon. But could not find in his heart to omit a line.

"There are pigs," he shouted, with sweep of arm indicating the full range of crowded benches opposite.

The gesture was accidental, certainly was not meant to be indicative. But these were last words of FLAVIN. The House roared for what seemed five minutes, at the end of which time the SPEAKER moving ominously in his chair, MICHAEL JOSEPH abruptly sat down.

Business done.—Another all-night sitting. Land Bill got through Report stage.

Thursday.—DON JOSÉ'S statement tonight on moving appointment of Select Committee to inquire into Transvaal Raid an object-lesson for Members and

misingly honest, it would be a better world to live in. He's not a landlord, nor even cousin to a peer. No slight thing for him to sacrifice Ministerial position to which he fought his way by sheer capacity. Yet he was prepared to do that rather than stultify himself. Of course, he hasn't got all he wanted in manipulation of Irish Land Bill. But who has? As JOHN MORLEY omitted to say in first edition of his well-known work, "Compromise underlies every move in the game of politics."

Business done.—Lords read Irish Land Bill a second time.

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

THE CANTERBURY BELL.

The poets have flowers enough to sing,
Yet ever the same old chorus swell;
Why is it they never the changes ring
On the sweet and delicate Canterbury
Bell?

Fair Kent with its wealth of blossom and
fruit,

"The Garden of England" men name
right well,

But the pride of Kent beyond all dispute
Is the Kentish flower, the Canterbury
Bell.

Just one short week in the long, long
year—

For so brief a season it casts its spell—
The crowds all gather from far and near
In the close where blooms the Canterbury
Bell

And the "Kentish men" and the "men
of Kent,"

If asked their favourite flower to tell,
Alike make answer with one consent—
"There is none compares with the Canterbury
Bell!"

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing you to be a past master in the art of courtesy, I venture to submit the following hard case to your judgment. The other morning, being a none too experienced cyclist, I ventured into the Park on my "wheel" at an early hour, thinking to have a little practice unobserved. Judge of my horror when, as I was wobbling along, I was suddenly confronted by the Duchess of Xminster and her daughters, all expert riders! Her Grace and the Ladies Wiseacre bowed to me in the most affable way, but, afraid to leave go of the handles of my machine, I could only nod in return. And I have always been renowned for the elegance with which I remove my *chap-eau*! These noble ladies have since cut me dead. I cannot blame them, but I venture to suggest, for your approval, that the raising of the right elbow, such as is practised by coachmen, gentle and simple, should be adopted by all cyclists. I think that I could manage the movement. Yours in social despair,
AMELIUS AMBERGRIS.

Bayswater, Aug. 1.

DULCET LITERATURE.—A novel has just appeared called *A Sweet Disorder*. We understand that it will shortly be followed by *A Chocolate Complaint*, *A Toffee Tremens*, *A Rahat-lakoum Rabies*, *A Liquorice Languor*, *A Candy Catarrh*, *A Sugar Stomach-ache*, and *A Burnt Almond Ailment*, all of which works cannot fail to be highly popular with the medical profession.



A Humble Interrogator.
(Mr. M-c-l-s.)

Ministers. A ticklish question; situation bristling with difficulties; a string of amendments pendant from motion. Every prospect of prolonged debate appropriating sitting allotted to batch of useful Bills. DON JOSÉ the centre of attention in crowded House. All the world listening at the doors. Supreme opportunity for oratorical display.

Some people, who shall be nameless, would have risen to height of occasion; delivered oration an hour long, perhaps two. Within space of ten minutes DON JOSÉ had finished his task. Not a word too much. Not a sentence incomplete. Disarmed Opposition before opportunity was presented to draw the sword. Polemical debate, the worst possible thing in delicate circumstances of the case avoided. Nearly the whole sitting saved for practical work; above all, initial stage of delicate inquiry started free from blast of party conflict.

Business done.—Transvaal Committee ordered. Several Bills advanced.

Friday.—"And they say this Government has no sense of humour!"

Of course, no one had said anything of the kind. But that's SARK's conversational manner. Remark arose in connection with announcement that Select Committee on Distress from Want of Employment, under Chairmanship of T. W. RUSSELL, has agreed upon its report.

"Anything more poignant than T. W.'s Distress from Want of Employment throughout the debate on the Irish Land Bill I have never seen," SARK says. "Not convenient from Government point of view for T. W. to take part in debate on subjects he knows more intimately than most men in House. So they make him Chairman of this Committee."

All very well to poke fun at T. W.; but if all politicians were as uncompromisingly honest, it would be a better world to live in. He's not a landlord, nor even cousin to a peer. No slight thing for him to sacrifice Ministerial position to which he fought his way by sheer capacity. Yet he was prepared to do that rather than stultify himself. Of course, he hasn't got all he wanted in manipulation of Irish Land Bill. But who has? As JOHN MORLEY omitted to say in first edition of his well-known work, "Compromise underlies every move in the game of politics."

Business done.—Lords read Irish Land Bill a second time.

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